



THE COMEBACK

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I wasn't used to losing, and even a colleague's defeat felt like my own. That night I couldn't sleep — I had to do something. Without planning a thing, I just went and acted.

I went back to the convent where I'd boarded for eight years as a boy. A few of the nuns still remembered me. They all recalled my surname, FREGA, and that same old line they used to say: *"Check under the bed — he might be hiding there."* I was the devil inside Holy Mother Church.

So what did I do? I secured an order for women's hair-removal razors — but this time I invented a 5% cash discount, and left with the check in hand.

I sent the order to Milan with instructions: apply the standard 2% payment terms, and for the remaining 3%, deduct it from my own commissions. And that's exactly what happened.

Everyone found out. No one said a word. But if there was one thing that gave me real satisfaction, it was avenging my boss — a P&G man worth protecting.

Regards,
Ferdinando